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CRUVELLI'S SONNAMBULA AT THE ITALIENS.

While all the Parisian critics are loud in praise of Sophie Cruvelli's Amina in *Sonnambula*, lately performed at the Italian theatre in the French capital, a few of them take exceptions to certain parts of her personation, and incline to think that she has infused too much tragic power and passion into the character of the village maiden. They aver that Sophie Cruvelli, who has so incontestably established herself as one of the potent tragic queens of the operatic stage, committed a palpable error in endeavouring to unite in herself the powers and idiosyncracies of a Grisi and a Sontag. Had these opinions been uttered apropos of the *Figlia del Reggimento*, we might not have quarrelled with them, seeing that they, in some measure, coincided with our own views; but as they were penned directly in reference to Cruvelli's performance of Amina, we have nothing to do but expose the unaccountable oversights into which the writers have fallen—we might style these oversights by a harsher name, but forbear, from good nature, and a hope that the exceptionists may know better the next time—and demonstrate satisfactorily, that Sophie Cruvelli has committed no error; that she has carried out the intentions of the poet and the musician to the letter; still more, that she has followed nature, and nature only, as her guide and her director.

From the arguments adduced, it appears that the critics entertain a notion that the part of Amina is exactly suited to the gentle talents of a Sontag or a Persiani; that it is of the same class of character as Lucia, and Elvira in *Puritani*; and that any more than the smallest amount of tragic power and passion expended in the performance would be detrimental and supererogatory. Whence it indubitably follows, that the critics never witnessed *Sonnambula* at all, seeing that they neither heard nor saw Malibran; and were utterly ignorant under what peculiar circumstances the opera was written, seeing they were not aware that Bellini wrote *Sonnambula* expressly for Pasta, the Siddons of the operatic stage. When Bellini projected his *chef d'œuvre*, did he anticipate an elegant and lady-like personation for his heroine, as might be found in the performance of a Persiani or Sontag? Did he not rather look forward to the high powers of a Pasta, a Malibran, or a Cruvelli, to realise his passionate aspirations? Who, that hath ears to hear, and eyes to see, and thought to comprehend, can imagine Amina insusceptible of the deepest passions and the most profound emotions? On the same grounds, exceptions may be taken to Cruvelli's *Fidelio*—but

no; Sontag and Persiani have not attempted Beethoven's heroine, and the critics, therefore, cannot be influenced by prejudice, or moved by precedent. They view *Sonnambula*, and most naturally, through the spectacles of pre-consideration placed upon their noses by the acting of the two great and gracious artists above named; but they have neither seen Malibran, nor have they given the character of Amina due reflection, or they must have come to the conclusion, inevitably, that the view taken by Sophie Cruvelli was the right one, and the only one, if fitting regard be paid to the intention of the poet and musician. One thing is certain, if Sophie Cruvelli have made Amina too tragic, the same fault must attach to the performance of Malibran, whose *Sonnambula* was pronounced by the world's voice, "the most powerful and affecting piece of acting ever witnessed on the stage."

Having expressed ourselves so decidedly and forcibly as to the pre-eminence of Sophie Cruvelli's performance of Amina, when the fair and accomplished artist first essayed the character in London, we are desirous to confirm our opinions in the minds of our readers, by making manifest that we are ever on the right side, and are always prepared to put on our mail of proof, to take up brand and shield, and to do battle in the cause of genius, when endangered by the ignorant or the prejudiced. Sophie Cruvelli, however, cannot complain of the Parisian critics for any lack of praises, of which they have been lavish in the extreme—enough, indeed, to have satisfied the greatest *gourmand* of eulogy—excepting in the case above alluded to, in which we trust, ere long, to read the recantation of Messieurs the critics!

It is satisfactory to know, also, that the better brothers of the French press have discovered no falling off in Sophie Cruvelli's Amina, from her Norma; and this, according to their own estimation, is the highest praise they could bestow.

We await anxiously the production of *Fidelio*, at the *Italiens*, and are curious as to how Beethoven's masterpiece will be received. Will the music be too grave and sombre for the light loving French? Will the massive orchestral effects, and the profound harmonies of the mighty magician of sound be lost on their superficial ears? Will Sophie Cruvelli's genius, illumined at the lamp of Beethoven's inspiration, burn with as bright a flame, in their eyes, as it did in *Norma* and *Sonnambula*? Will *Fidelio* be listened to, understood, and appreciated? Will Beethoven, taken under the soft wings of Sophie Cruvelli, be received at the opera with enthusiasm, or frigid politeness? Time will show.

MR. AGUILAR'S SOIREE'S OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC FROM THE WORKS OF BEETHOVEN.

The first of these highly interesting entertainments took place at the Beethoven Rooms on Tuesday last, and we have the greatest pleasure in bearing testimony to its complete success.

Mr. Aguilar's performances consisted of the magnificent and almost symphonic Sonata in C, No. 3 of Op. 2, the dreamy, wild, and gloomy "Sonata quasi Fantasia" in C sharp minor (commonly known as "the Moonlight,") with its bewitchingly graceful and melodious Allegretto, which so admirably relieves the mournful character of the other movements; and two of the Bagatelles Op. 33, the first an elegant Andante, generally known as "La Primavera," the second a peculiarly fanciful sort of Scherzo in A flat for piano solo; likewise, with the assistance of Herr Jansa, the Sonata in D, No. 1 of Op. 12.

We can give no higher praise to Mr. Aguilar, than to say that his conception and execution of the above-mentioned works, with all the widely-different styles contained in them, was all that could be desired by the most rigid classicist, or the greatest effect worshipper. Mr. Aguilar, like the true artist, seems equally at home in passages of every variety of character, whether simple or elaborate, calm or agitated, pathetic or brilliant, and last, though far from least, appears almost to produce, in the minds of his audience, emotions similar to those he so well succeeds in expressing.

In the sonata, with violin accompaniment, Mr. Aguilar was most ably assisted by Herr Jansa, whose purely classical, yet expressive style, must win the admiration of all who hear him. These four instrumental pieces were agreeably interspersed by two songs, one a most masterly setting of some peculiarly quaint and fanciful verses of Goethe by Beethoven, "Poor heart, why so restless;" the other a pretty ballad by Mr. Aguilar, "Come let us wander," which we have already had occasion to notice favourably. Both were admirably given by Miss Ursula Barclay, a young and highly promising vocalist, who possesses a clear mezzo-soprano voice of extremely pleasant quality, and who indicates in a manner not to be mistaken the excellent teaching of her master, M. Emmanuel Garcia.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, the *soirée* was well attended, and we were delighted to observe how entirely the audience seemed to appreciate and enter into the spirit of every piece performed.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HALLÉ'S SIXTH CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.—PART FIRST.

Quartet, Pianoforte, Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello, (in E flat)	Mozart.
Song, Mlle. Beer, "Rose, in the charms,"—"Rose, wie bist du reizend und mild"	Spohr.
Sonata quasi Fantasia, Pianoforte, (in C sharp minor, op. 27)	Beethoven.

PART SECOND.

Grand Quartet, Pianoforte, Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello, (in F minor, op. 2)	Mendelssohn.
Song, Mlle. Beer, "The Tear,"—"Die Thräne,"	F. Kücken.
Miscellaneous Selection, { (in E flat op. 18) }	Hummel.
Pianoforte, { (in E flat and G flat) }	Chopin.

With his usual exquisitely good taste, Hallé had provided for his friends and subscribers a happily varied selection, as above; each piece excellent of its kind. Two quartets for violin, viola,

violoncello, and pianoforte—placing in contrast the schools of Mozart and Mendelssohn; a sonata quasi fantasia of Beethoven's, unlike any we before heard (in C sharp minor, op. 27). Miscellaneous selection (to wind up as usual for pianoforte solus), andante from Hummel, and two studies from Chopin; to relieve which, were the two German songs for Mlle. Beer, a selection to please the most fastidious as well as to gratify the most refined ear. The room was crowded; which we scarcely reckoned upon, because of the numerous private parties at this festive season of the year: but we presume the number of young ladies and gentlemen home for the holidays, tended to swell the audience beyond the usual number. The audience deserves especial mention, for a more attentive or appreciative one no quartet party could desire. Mozart's graceful flowing strains would soon have convinced us the opening quartet was his without any programme; the "Allegro" partakes much of this character; the "Larghetto" opens grand and solemn as a hymn, and was very finely blended together by the four instruments. Seymour was in happy mood; we cannot say we never heard him play better, but that we never heard him play so well in our lives (and we have heard him play well and finely for years); he led the finale "Allegretto" most carefully and spiritedly; no false notes, not a slip, his stopping up to the highest notes was firm, his tones clear and beautifully stopped in tune. This tended to make the quartet (that fine old one in E flat) go off so well, for Baetens, Lidel, and Hallé are always great and certain to depend on. The sonata chosen by Hallé this time was an extraordinary one; it is sometimes called "The Moonlight Sonata." There are great beauties, great contrast, and wonderful skill displayed in its composition; still the whole did not impress us with its perfect or complete development as a work (all connected together like a poem) as many of the sonatas we could name. It affords Hallé great opportunity for displaying his command over Beethoven in every phase of his great genius, and was loudly applauded. The adagio was very delicately delivered; in ordinary hands it would be monotonous and unintelligible. The minuetto allegretto is short, relieving the sustained attention required to appreciate the adagio, but hardly satisfactory to the ear in connection with it; the finale—presto agitato—seemed as little connected with either, although full of that peculiar mild and melancholy beauty which abounds in this great master. The gem of the night on this occasion was most decidedly the grand quartet of Mendelssohn (in F minor, op. 2), which opened the second part; the performance was great and glorious on all hands, the consequence was, the audience was roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and delight; and when the adagio concluded, as it does with a most exquisitely beautiful subject for the pianoforte, accompanied by the three stringed instruments *piano* (aye *pianissimo*) until they produce merest whisper or murmur, a most rapturous burst of applause broke forth, and would not be appeased until the entire movement was repeated. Capital listeners and generally appreciative, it is seldom that such a burst is heard at Hallé's concerts, his audience are often too rapt in listening to give way to such genuine and hearty marks of approval; it is needless to add the adagio was repeated as charmingly as it was given the first time. The short intermezzo followed by the finale—allegro—were given with great spirit and perfection; and were enough to convince the most sceptic hearer, had any such been present, of the greatness of Mendelssohn!

Hallé's selections for himself on the pianoforte told well as they always do, one of Chopin's studies (the last he played we believe), in G flat, reminded us of Sir Roger de Coverley, so quaint and merry was its subject.

Of Mlle. Caroline Beer we cannot speak so favourably as

we did on hearing her at the Free Trade Hall on the evening of Christmas day, perhaps it is her powerful voice which requires a larger area than the Town Hall room. She gave us two songs in German—Spohr's "Rose softly blooming," and Kücken's "The Tear," with true German energy and force; reminding us of some of her compatriots we have heard, both barytones and tenors, but too loud and with too much force for the Town Hall room. The second song, from its character being more subdued, was the more successful of the two. We have heard no singer to please us so well in that room this season as Mr. Perring, and shall be glad to hear him again. Meantime we are delighted to see that Herr Molique and Signor Piatti are both engaged for the next (the 7th) concert, on Thursday, the 22nd instant.

THE LONDON ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—FREE TRADE HALL, Jan. 13th.—Programme—Part I. Glee, "I wish to tune my quiv'ring lyre," (Walmisley); Glee, "There is beauty on the mountain," (Goss); Glee, "Under the greenwood tree," (Sir H. Bishop); Glee, (by desire) "Blest pair of Sirens," (Stafford Smith). Part II. Duet—Mrs. Endersohn and Miss M. Williams, "The Water Nymphs," (Maynard); Song—Mr. Francis, "The anchor's weighed" (Braham); Cavatina—Mrs. Endersohn, "The Golden Sun" (*composed expressly for her*), (E. Land); Recitative and air—Mr. Lockey, "Eulalie" (Hobbs); Song—Miss M. Williams, "I am free" (Desanges); Song—Mr. H. Phillips, "The auld wife" (Greisbach). Part III. Madrigal, "Flora now calleth" (J. S. Smith); Glee, "Breathe, my harp" (Sir H. Bishop); Madrigal, "Come, let us join the roundelay" (Beale); Glee, "Hand in hand with fairy grace" (Dr. Cooke).

The above was the first concert we have been able to hear by this admirable Glee party. We hope it will not be the last, for anything more delightfully perfect, or delicately finished we never before listened to. The reason is obvious, but the result none the less charming. The singers are all experienced good hands; the voices are good, some of them unsurpassable (Miss M. Williams we consider to have one of the finest voices in Europe); then they are all well practised together, which, with having also that *be* all and *end* all of good singing—*expression*, enables them to give a charm to their glees as novel as it is delightful. Some of our old favourites had quite a new character given to them, by their being entirely unaccompanied, by the management of the pianos and fortes, and by their *oneness* of expression. This we felt especially on hearing "Under the greenwood tree," which was given with such playful delicacy, as to be rapturously encored. The gem of the glees sung during the evening was Stafford Smith's fine one for five voices, "Blest pair of sirens." Here Mrs. Endersohn came out in great force, aided, of course, by Miss Williams and their able coadjutors. Some parts of this were sublime; and the whole glee was a perfect gem. In the second part the ladies had the best of it. Walter Maynard's duet they warbled very delightfully. Mrs. Endersohn sang most charmingly a song composed expressly for her by Mr. Land; we thought as highly of the singer as the song, which is far from common-place. Miss Williams's song was in excellent taste, "I am free," by Desanges, (who is he?)—it obtained the most enthusiastic encore of the night; her glorious voice when so displayed would make stoics encore, so rich and so beautiful are its tones. Mr. Lockey had a nice song, Hobbs's "Eulalie," which he gave with great feeling and taste, and had to repeat it. A male alto we like better in a glee than a song; and Mr. Francis's version of "The anchor's weigh'd" is certainly not Braham's; but, as a display of his singular yet beautiful flageolet or oboe-like voice, it deserves favourable mention. Mr. Phillips's song calls for no especial remark. "Breathe, my harp!" in the third part, was accompanied by Miss Williams, and so well sung by the four gentlemen as to

be encored. They likewise received the same compliment in Beale's madrigal, and as deservedly. The "Fa la la" was capital; indeed it is a very superior composition, yet strictly of the madrigal school. The finish was of the classic order; again Dr. Cooke's "Hand in hand," another fine specimen of as perfect "glee" singing as we ever wish to hear, closing this agreeable concert at the timely hour of ten. The glee party sing at the Concert Hall *next* month—not the 18th of this. It will be a new feature to have a glee programme at a dress concert at the exclusive Concert Hall, but it is only a fitting tribute of the directors to our talented English singers, and will assuredly give a delightful and unwonted treat to the subscribers. Jullien comes again we see on the 24th instant.

ARDWICK GENTLEMEN'S GLEE CLUB.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The members of this little thriving club opened their second session on Wednesday evening last. The room presented a goodly array of musical amateurs, and we were also glad to notice a fair sprinkling of the brethren of the profession present—this is as it should be. The scheme was judiciously selected, including several gems in the true school of glee writing, at all times a treat to the humble disciple of Apollo, while those more thirsty sons of song, who would ever be quenching their thirst with the Dutchman of Zuyder Zee, had suitable provision made for them. We give the programme entire:—"Now I'm prepared," Webbe; "Stand, who's there," Bishop; "Shades of the heroes," Tom Cooke; "Go Idle Boy," Callcott; "Give me a cup," Bishop; "Wine gives the Lover vigour," Webbe. Part 2.—Quintet, "All is lost now," arranged by Perring; "The Lass o' Gowrie," Ransford; "No more the morn," Bishop; "While fools their time," Callcott; "The Mighty Conqueror," Webbe. We understand a great number of compositions have been received in competition for the premiums offered by this club, and are now in course of rehearsal. The decision, it is expected, will be made known at a public concert to be given towards the end of the following month.

MUSIC IN OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Last Sunday we attended divine services at St. James's Church, Westbourn-terrace, Paddington, where we heard a very fine discourse from the text "Let all things be done decently, and in order." We took our seat among the free sitters, thinking we might perchance meet with some of the more humble class who had been trained up in a Sunday-school or village choir, and thought it a duty incumbent upon them to take part in the musical portion of the service. Nor were we disappointed, for we sat next to a gentleman's servant who had a very excellent tenor voice, with which, for the want of knowing better, he sung the treble part of the tune, but he had naturally a good ear and could not sacrifice sense to sound. The metrical psalmody used was that adapted to the services of the Church of England by the Rev. W. J. Hall, M.A., and has the sanction and approval of the Bishop of London; and we must say is the best we have met with, each psalm or hymn, consisting generally of four verses and suited to every festival in the year. This book, now so generally used, seems likely to put the doggerel version of Sternhold and Hopkins, and Tate and Brady completely on the shelf. The first psalm sung by the charity children and a few of the congregation in the free seats (for we did not hear any of the ladies or gentlemen who occupied the pews attempt to join) was the 40th psalm, L.M., "I waited meekly for the Lord," which was sung to a tune called Truro, composed by Dr. Burney, written, we should say for particular words, and not at all adapted to the psalm for which it was on the present occasion used; for three verses out of the four we had to chop one word in each verse into half, viz.: meek-ly, grate-ful, and there-fore. My

musical friend in livery could not understand this, and he naturally wanted to go on and not sacrifice the sense to the sound. The tune St. Pancras, by Battishill, would have much better suited the words. The next hymn was one selected for the Epiphany, the 29th, 4 lines 7s.; here a worse blunder was committed, it was sung to the Sicilian Hymn, which is for a hymn with 8s. and 7s., why not have sung "Harts, Alma, Sharon," or the "German Hymn?" We know not with whom rests the adapting of the tunes to the psalms and hymns, but we cannot think it was the organist, at all events we hope not.

In the afternoon we attended St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where we heard the musical portion of the service most admirably performed; accompanied on the organ by Dr. Elvey; what a change from the morning, here we had Dr. Cooke's glorious evening service, in G., with Tallis' responses, and a new anthem, composed by the talented organist, suitable for the day; "Arise, shine, for thy light is come;" consisting of fine recitatives, solos, and majestic choruses; sung by well-trained choristers, with voices swelling and dying away like the wind of summer.

There has been, in this country, a vicious disposition to make music a secular thing. The playhouse, and the opera, and the drawing room, have been thought to be the only proper places for its development. The more noble strains of art have been thought out of place in connexion with the public services of religion. Hence, the world has had made over to it, a machinery of vast power, to employ it, as it pleases, against the church; if not directly against, at least indirectly, in appropriating ground, which, rightly used, had greatly strengthened its hold upon the minds of the people. We want, and must have, better music in our Parish Churches, and the Clergy will do well to lend a helping hand.

THE FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT.

(After the German, by Charles Grobe.)

"The First Walpurgis Night," by the late and lamented De Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, is a composition of the highest order of merit. The composer himself designated this work by the title of a "Ballad for chorus with orchestra;" but critics declared this name inappropriate; some style it an *oratorio*, others a *cantata*, a *secular oratorio*, or a *concert ballad*. It is not our purpose to examine the various reasons and arguments for the different appellations they have thought fit to apply to this beautiful production, thinking that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but we have supposed that a short account of the character of the work might not prove unacceptable to your numerous readers. The "Walpurgis Night" was performed for the first time at Leipsic, on the 2nd of February, 1843, under the immediate direction and supervision of the composer himself. Mendelssohn, through this production, has enriched musical literature with a work which, in respect to style and character, has had no predecessor; the only composition which bears the slightest similarity to it being the *Klänge aus Osten* of Marschner. The very musical poem of Goethe has been divided with masterly skill and judgment into solos and choruses, introduced by a most beautiful overture. This overture may be considered as an index or true expression of what is to follow, and fitly prepares the hearer for the succeeding "Witch Sabbath," and presents him, as it were, with a living picture of the fast flying Winter, and the advent of the budding Spring. The musical expression in the last is particularly happy, and can hardly fail to make the attentive listener as peevish and fretful as if suffering under the caprices of an April day. At one time we hear the crashing rain—it is succeeded by bland, bright sunshine—anon the dreadful storm—until at length young and blue-eyed May appears, bathing everything with her warm balmy breath.

This overture, notwithstanding it seems in such a complicated and curious style (*Allegro con fuoco*, C minor 3-4 time), and although it transports us into heretofore untried and adventurous regions, yet still it is pervaded by the true spirit of beauty and order which, as Novalis would say, "depicts chaos through a finely woven veil." This is at once the aim and test of sublime

genius, that it grants us a glance of the terrors of death and destruction—the magnificent and terrible—whilst at the same time we are made sensible of our own lofty freedom and happiness. At the close of the overture, an *Allegro vivace non troppo*, leads off; the first No. of which commences with a short *Tenor solo*, with which also is connected a charming female chorus (A major, 2-4 time), as tender and refreshing as the first sweet germs of smiling May. Then follows a second *Tenor solo*, succeeded by the people and the Druids, declaratory of their intention to scale the mountains, there to celebrate their interdicted religious ceremonies, and worship their gods according to their ancient and holy usage. This chorus is stamped with a peculiar and striking religio-fanatic character. Now (No. 2), a woman of the people, with a warning voice, admonishes them of the rashness of their design, and reminds them of the severity of the laws of their conquerors, by which such ceremonies are forbidden. Their irresolutions and despondency are, however, dispersed by a priest (Bartholdy), who (No. 3) with encouraging words inspire them, and to whom they respond in powerful and short *tutti*; this is very beautiful and effective. In No. 4, the sentinels are represented as taking up their respective posts in the deep stillness of the night. This part of the composition is finely conceived and finished, and is perfectly characteristic: everything moves on so carefully—on tip-toe, as it were, and we almost fancy we hear the whispered watchword, whilst the cunning instruments give a most magical effect. In No. 5, the true "Walpurgis Night" commences. Apparitions, fiends, and spectres, wild and uncouth shapes of every character, protected by masks, and armed with hoes, pitchforks, and flaming torches, challenged the bewildered sentinels, who believe the infernal regions have given up their devils to torment and destroy them. In No. 6 (*Allegro molto*, A minor, 6-8 time) this idea is carried out to the fullest extent: loud swells the din, the tremendous chorus of the Druids, the sentinels, and the heathen, produce the climax of effect, any idea of which it is in vain for words to convey. It is the grandest and most remarkable feature of the oratorio.

No. 7 transfers us to the theatre where the Druids are conducting their mysterious religious rites. No. 8 describes the fear and confusion of the sentinels. No. 9 is a general chorus of the Druids and the people, through which the voices of the priests are heard, when a quiet yet sublime movement gives the *Finale* to this truly great and wonderful work.

Hector Berlioz, the great French critic and composer, who had an opportunity of hearing this work at Leipsic, thus speaks of it in a letter to Stephen Heller, the well-known pianist and composer:—"I was astonished at the fine tone of the voices, the precision and expression of the orchestra, but more particularly at the excellence of the composition itself. The poem is by Goethe, but has nothing in common with the 'Blocksberg scene' in *Faust*. It is absolutely necessary to hear Mendelssohn's music to get an idea of the manifold resources which this poem offers to a skilful composer. These he has taken advantage of in a wonderful manner; and notwithstanding the compactness of his score, it is perfectly clear and intelligible. In this work he has reached the summit of the art. Most particularly deserving of notice is the chorus where the voices of the priests move quietly in intervals, rising above the legions of false fiends and spirits. One does not know what most to admire in this *Finale*, the orchestra, the chorus, or the bewildering, whirling movement of the whole. It is a masterpiece."

Note.—Walpurgis was a religious enthusiast, born in England. She went as a missionary to Germany, where she died, in 776 or 778. Her name received an honourable position in the German calendar. The night previous to this day, so famous in German legends for assembling of witches, wizards, &c., is called *Walpurgis Night*. When Charlemagne attempted to subdue and convert the Saxons (772), a nation of German heathens, he forbid their pagan worship under penalty of death. They, however, persisted in offering their gods the accustomed sacrifices on the 1st of May, upon the summit of the *Brocken*, the highest of the Hartz mountains, and in order to frighten away the Christian soldiers who had been posted there to prevent their religious festivals, the heathens appeared on the Walpurgis Night in the most frightful

disguises, and the superstitious soldiers, believing that these legions were coming directly from the infernal regions, took to flight, and left the mountain in undisputed possession of the heathen. This forms the basis of Goethe's poem, "The First Walpurgis Night."

BEETHOVEN AND KUHLAU.

The late Professor Kuhlau, of Copenhagen, was a musician of uncommon genius, who gained great distinction in his art, and, but for his untimely death, would have attained the highest celebrity. He has produced many works of magnitude, which are much esteemed on the continent, but is chiefly known in England by his compositions for the flute, which are greatly valued by the lovers of that instrument. Mr. Moschelles, in some very interesting letters published in the *Harmonicon* in 1830, after his visit to Copenhagen, speaks of Kuhlau as a "musician of profound erudition, and a celebrate composer." He mentions his extraordinary ability in the composition of canons, and gives, as a specimen, an enigmatic canon in four parts, a composition equally curious and beautiful. An interesting anecdote of a visit paid by him to Beethoven may be related as connected with his skill in this branch of his art.

Kuhlau's veneration for Beethoven was unbounded. In his youthful enthusiasm, he took a journey to Vienna, in order to have the pleasure of paying personal homage to his divinity. But his time for this visit was ill-chosen. Beethoven, suffering from deafness, and soured by disappointment, had retired to a village in the neighbourhood of the city for the purpose of secluding himself from society. Kuhlau endeavoured, but in vain, to gain access to him. He got friends to write, he wrote himself, but no notice whatever was taken of his applications. At length, one fine morning, Kuhlau set off on foot to the village where Beethoven lived. He found the house, knocked at the door, and asked to be admitted. A peremptory refusal from the servant was his answer. Deeply disappointed, our young enthusiast wandered for some time about the neighbourhood, trying to devise some way of accomplishing his object, and, in the midst of his reverie, passed again by Beethoven's door. The great man was taking the air at his window. Kuhlau saluted him, and begged to have the honour of an interview. The only answer was a negative gesture, and a wave of the hand, which said very plainly, "Go about your business." The young musician, however, persisted. Falling on his knees, he clasped his hands, and raised them to Beethoven with a mute eloquence which fairly overcame him. "Well, then," he cried, "come in, since you will have it." Kuhlau lost no time in profiting by the invitation, such as it was; and Beethoven, having once made up his mind to admit him, received him civilly. The ice was soon broken; Beethoven liked his stranger guest, and soon became all frankness and good humour. He did the honours of his house like a true German; asked his visitor to dinner, and treated him with the most cordial hospitality.

The entertainer and his guest were soon delighted with each other. Beethoven found that the Danish Musician was a man of sense and talent, and was gratified by his warm but manly expression of admiration. They discussed all sorts of musical topics; and Kuhlau illustrated something he said about Canons, by writing down extempore, an ingenious one, for two voices, to which he added words complimentary to Beethoven. He, inspired by animated conversation, and by the good wine he gave his guest, and of which he himself took his full share, also extemporized a Canon; and the two newly made friends exchanged their productions in token of mutual regard.

After a joyous evening, the friends separated. Kuhlau took his way to Vienna, more troubled by the breadth of the way than by its length; and Beethoven betook himself to bed, where he fell into a sweeter sleep than he had enjoyed for many a day. When he awoke in the morning, the evening he had spent appeared like a pleasant dream. At last he remembered the Canons, and became alarmed at the thoughts of the one he himself had perpetrated. What sort of a thing could it be? Some miserable trash, inspired by the perfumes of wine, and quite unworthy of his character as

an artist. Uneasy at this idea, he sat down to his pianoforte, and, after writing for an hour or two, put what he had written in his pocket, took his hat, set off, post-haste, for Vienna, and arrived at Kuhlau's lodgings.

"My dear friend," he said, "you opened a fire on me with all your artillery, and I answered it with a Cannon, which must be a miserable affair, for I believe I was half tipsy at the time. I have made another this morning, which I bring you in exchange for the one which you are going, I trust, to give me back."

"No, in faith!" cried Kuhlau, laying hold of the second Canon; "I mean to keep them both; in the first place, because I have them from you, and also because I am certain that they are both worthy of you."

"Well—but let me see the other. Ah, very good! This is quite correct, and has more fire and spirit than the other. Well, I see I have nothing for it but to get half-seas over when I want to write good music! But your Canon is charming, and worth both mine put together. Come and see me often, and let us talk about music—you know what it is. Farewell."

This little anecdote may be added to the many traits of kindness of heart, and gaiety of temper, which belonged to Beethoven's character, notwithstanding the harsh and forbidding exterior which was the result of his unhappy circumstances.

Original Correspondence.

THE GREGORIAN CHANT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—Having explained, in my last letter, how that the old custom of placing the melody of "the people's song" in the tenor was wrong, in regard to theory and numbers, I now purpose showing, in as few words as possible, that the same custom is as great a mistake in practice. The first proof I shall adduce of this being the case, is taken from the very pamphlet to which "One of the Clergy" directed my attention. In his lecture at Leeds, Mr. Spark, I learn from his published pamphlet, gave an example of the manner in which the responses were made at the time of the Reformation (that is, with the melody in the tenor); and in explaining how that example was performed so as to secure due prominence to the melody, he says it was given with an equal number of voices to each part, and was rendered so as to give preponderance to the air, whilst the harmonies were sung in a soft and subdued tone. In other words, the melody was made predominant. This effect, however, so nicely attainable with a comparatively small body of equally balanced and trained voices, and, doubtless, both interesting and effective in a lecture, as Mr. Spark gave it, would be totally impracticable in a modern congregation, where not only a natural phenomenon, but numbers, would be sure to render the attempt a failure.

Next, to take an illustration from an actual occurrence in church, and so to bring the question nearer home. In the chant to the Athanasian Creed, the original "plain song" is said to be the present tenor part. Yet the people never sing it—they cannot even hear it—but, on the contrary, always follow the treble part. Thus we see, then, that the idea of returning to the old custom of placing the melody in the tenor is a fallacy, and would be anything rather than useful for congregational purposes.

I think I have now replied to all the exceptions and mis-statements contained in the first letter of "One of the Clergy" that were relevant to the subject; and I may now be permitted to observe that I should not have noticed that gentleman's epistle at all, were it not that being unable to controvert the contents of my letters in any essential particular, he descended to an attempt to throw discredit on them by pronouncing them "ill spirited," "likely to do mischief," and "containing notions the spread of which should be checked." (He did not venture, however, to say they were untrue.) Charges so serious as the above rendered a reply and explanation simple matters of duty, both to the editor as well as the readers of the *Musical World*. That reply was commenced; but before it was half completed, "One of the

Clergy," who had begged himself into the correspondence, begged himself out again. The inference is unavoidable, and I could fain have wished, for his own sake, that his tone had been less high and consequential, under the circumstances. As it is, I have now completed what I had originally intended saying, and beg to leave it for others to decide whether the grounds I have advanced—and not for a moment disproved, but simply *disputed*, by "One of the Clergy"—were not ample to justify all I said in my two letters.

A few words concerning the second letter of "One of the Clergy," and I have done with this subject. It is a new version of "no case, abuse plaintiff." It is really little else than abuse and imputation, from one end to the other. I can, therefore, afford to dismiss the greater portion of it, with a simple expression of regret that "One of the Clergy" did not state what were the assumptions which he says have never been proved, and also what he may mean by *classical ruses*, a term of his own, which he farms off as one of mine, but with the previous existence of which I was, and the very meaning of which I am to this moment, unacquainted.

The only point worthy of note, after the correction of a date, which did not affect the merits of the case, is that where "One of the Clergy" tries to evade the stubborn fact that a harmonized "Gregorian" chant presents an anachronism. But instead of disproving this, he completely loses himself, and unwittingly brings in a verdict against his own cause. From the original subject—the Gregorian chants—he wanders to "certain church modes," and then leaves the reader to discover, if he can, what they have to do with the question under immediate discussion. What "One of the Clergy" would infer, so far as I can make out, is, that as there are certain accidental resemblances in the works of *later* writers to those of *former*, therefore music of a *former* date may be altered so as to appear no older than that belonging to a *later* era; or, to speak more explicitly, because Handel occasionally presents a chance resemblance to Gregory, therefore Gregory may *intentionally* be decked in harmony of the time of Handel! This, "One of the Clergy" seems to think, may be done without causing an anachronism. But if this is not confounding one era of a *progressive* art (which music is) with another, I should like to know what would be. If "One of the Clergy" seriously means to say he cannot perceive the incongruity pointed out in my last letter, I fear he must remain content to be classed with those who do not possess the full amount of "knowledge" necessary to enable them to fulfil the duties of chief musician in the true spirit of olden times; and if he intends persisting in the opinion that no such anachronism exists, in the very teeth of the facts which have been adduced, as certain expressions in his second letter would induce one to suppose, then it becomes equally clear that he is not exhibiting that independent "spirit" which is likely to lead to his very speedily becoming so.

In conclusion, the contents, and particularly the tone of the letters of "One of the Clergy," present nothing to induce me to modify my former impressions concerning the Gregorian Chant movement, but rather the reverse.

Thanking you for so fairly throwing open the columns of the *Musical World* for the free discussion of this, and musical subjects in general, I beg to remain,

Yours very obliged,

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

P.S.—Will you oblige me by pointing out the following important errors in my last:—lines 18 and 19 should read thus—"now against this how few churches," &c. At page 6, 3rd paragraph, 16th line, after the word *trebles*, read—all the youthful members of both sexes also would be *trebles*.

OLD POETRY.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—You may have noticed during the perusal of the multitudinous pieces of poetry, to which music is wedded, that naturally fall under your inspection for criticism, that *three* out of *four*, or, perhaps, *nine* out of *ten*, are respecting something old—appertaining to by-gone days or things—the remains of mouldering existence. Now some tumble-down church inspires the poet, or a rickety

barn calls forth the thrilling lay; perchance a pet canary bird has given its last hop, or a faithful pug poured forth its last bark. The poetic fire lives in grim death, and seems to have an especial dislike to anything new or stable. Allow me to enumerate a few as instances: "The Old Arm Chair," "In this Old Chair," "The Old Church Bell," "The Old Kirk-yard," "The Old Oak Tree," "The Old School House," "The Old House at Home," "The Old Family Bible," "The Old Veteran," "The Old Farm House," "The Old Yew Tree," "The Old Abbey Clock," "The Old withered Tree," "The Monk of the Olden Times," "The Days of Old," "The Good Old Time," "The Old English Order," "Old Richard," "The Old Fir Tree," "Old King Time," "Old King Cole," "The Barons of Old," "The Old Wife," "The Old Man's Chair," "Auld Lang Syne," "Old Robin Gray," "The Old Owl," "The Old Place of Meeting," "The Old Farm Gate," "The Old Country Gentleman," "The Old English Lady," "The Merry Days of Old," "Old Father Christmas," "The Old Watermill," "Song of the Olden Time," "The Old Gravel Walk," "The Old Beau," "The Old Fireside." And again, "Days Long past," "Scenes of my Youth," "Song of the Past," "The Light of other Days," "The Hours Long fled," "Memory of the Past," "Bygone Hours," "Long, Long ago," &c., &c., &c. All the foregoing are the titles of songs. Now, I really do think, an *Old Turnpike Gate* as respectable as an old arm-chair or an old owl, and I may safely say, they are nearly as numerous. Yet old turnpikes have never been praised in song, they have been entirely overlooked—and thereby, have they been most unjustly used. Believing this, I have written a couple of verses in honour of those long-forgotten barriers of the highway, and most respectfully offer them to any *great* composer, and I trust, in order to give them their merited publicity, that you will allow them a place in the pages of the *Musical World*.

THE OLD GATE HOUSE.

Yes, 'tis the Old Gate House in childhood I knew,
By its porch I oft play'd till to manhood I grew;
When I left it, all sadly, to roam far away.
When in years I returned, it had sunk to decay,
No more the wild woodbine encircles the door,
No more shall I tread on its white-sanded floor,
For age has crept on, and the past is a dream,
The turnpikes are slighted—we all go by steam.

Yes, 'tis the Old Gate House, but roofless and grey,
Where oft I have stopp'd the bold traveller to pay;
Where riders and drivers of ev'ry degree
Have journeyed, but never have pass'd it quite free.
But those days are fled—the gate is half down,
No traveller e'er passes from country or town,
For the way it is dreary, and mankind now deem
It safest and cheapest to travel by steam.

Yours, truly obliged,

ALFRED SEMIBREVE,
Sheffield.

Reviews of Music.

A LOYAL DIVERTIMENTO.—Introduction and Rondo, Spofforth's Admired Glee, "Hail, Smiling Morn"—arranged for the pianoforte—Descriptive of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and Prince Albert's Visit to Manchester and Salford, Oct. 10th, 1851.—R. Andrews—Cramer, Beale and Co., London; Andrews' New Music Repository, Manchester.

Mr. Andrews is decidedly the most loyal of subjects, and persistent, too. Having hit upon a new thought, he was determined to make the most of it; and so, not satisfied with one contribution to the memorable visit of the royal party to Manchester and the lesser town, hight Salford, he must fain supply two, that he may doubly demonstrate in musical expression his loyalty and his love. If Mr. Andrews, in his "New Variations Brillante on the English National Air, 'God Save the Queen,'" has exhibited bold-

ness and ingenuity, in the piece before us, he has superadded to these, and has betokened unusual fertility of invention and originality. Indeed, it is the first time we have been introduced to a *morceau* which sets aside so completely all imagination and abstraction, and so rigidly grapples with the visible, the tangible, and the concrete. In fact, Mr. Andrews would essay to describe everything by musical notation, judging from the *divertimento* under review—a milk-pail, or the turn of an ankle, would not evade his individual pen. The reader shall see what Mr. Andrews has effected in this way.

The "Loyal Divertimento" opens with an introduction, *Andante in G, Legato e sostenuto*, which is first descriptive of midnight, then of daybreak, and afterwards of birds. This leads, without a change of key, to the air, "Hail, Smiling Morn," which modulates to a pastorate in C, wherein we have "the assembling of the tenants of the Earl of Ellesmere"—the birds again introduced—which is followed close by "The royal procession preparing for departure from Worsley Hall," indicated by cannons and trumpet calls, whereupon a pedal passage succeeds, "announcing her Majesty's departure (10 o'clock) escorted by a body of the Duke of Lancaster's own Yeomanry Cavalry, under the command of Major Gerard." The key is still retained, but the time changes from 6-8 to 2-4; the bells are sounded, and the "arrival at Pendleton" is indicated. Trumpet calls again, and proclaims the royal party "arrived at Windsor Bridge Arch," when "the Mayor of Salford (is) presented to her Majesty," and the movement concludes with the "Escort of the 16th (or Queen's Own) Lancers, under the command of Lieutenant-General the Earl of Cathcart, K.C.B."

The "Salford Grand March, dedicated to Thomas Agnew, Esq., (Mayor of Salford) composed by C. M. Browne," in E flat, maestoso, commemorates her Majesty's approach to the town, and reception. "Huzzas" are heard, and "trumpets, announcing her Majesty's entrance into Salford." A forte passage then precedes and records the "entering the Peel Park," when Mr. Andrews, in a series of bars, depicts, in a manner hitherto unattempted in music, "Her Majesty's feelings upon seeing 80,000 children assembled upon raised platforms;" and a trio, in five flats, illustrates the "sympathy and affectionate feeling expressed by her Majesty to Prince Albert in drawing the attention of the Princess Royal and Prince of Wales to the imposing spectacle." "God Save the Queen" is then given, varied by Reinagle, in C, and at the end the trumpets call "upon her Majesty's leaving Peel Park, and proceeding from the Crescent to Victoria Bridge." A "Trumpet Grand March" then follows, which announces the "arrival at Victoria Bridge, her Majesty received by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors." *Da capo*. Another march, "The Manchester Grand"—dedicated to John Potter, Esq., Mayor of Manchester—whereby is shown "trumpets announcing her Majesty's arrival at the Exchange." Yet another march, "The Manchester Exchange Grand," dedicated to the Members of the Corporation—moderato, with great firmness—by J. Blewitt. This march provides "Welcome to her Majesty," "Cheering of the people," "The ladies' welcome," "General burst of feeling," "Drums and fifes," "Welcome to the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal," "Trumpets," "Horns," "Bugles," "Echoes," "Corni," "Welcome to Prince Albert," "Welcome to the Mayor," "The honour of knighthood conferred upon his Worship Sir John Potter," "God bless the Queen, huzza, huzza, huzza!" The whole winds up with a finale, adapted from J. Gungl's "Illumination Promenade Waltz," which constitutes a brisk conclusion to Mr. R. Andrews' ultra-royal demonstration.

In conclusion, we have only to lament that to so original a picture Mr. Andrews did not provide music of his own, instead of levying contributions on his friends. To such poetical and spirited details, we should have greatly desired the co-operation of congenial music, which could only be hoped for from the pen of Mr. R. Andrews.

THE ELEMENTS OF MUSIC SYSTEMATICALLY EXPLAINED.—Henry C. Lunn.—C. Jefferys.

Mr. Henry Lunn, in his preface, supplies the reasons which induced him to undertake the work before us. "Experience has

proved," he says, "that no method in tuition is so effective as that in which the pupil first learns a simple explanation of facts, and then reasons and converses upon those facts with his teacher. In my endeavours to pursue this plan in musical tuition, I have found no book which offers a sufficiently clear and concise view of the rudiments of that branch of study; and I have, therefore, been tempted to publish, in the form of a manual, the course of instruction which I have adopted."

We have not the least doubt but that Mr. Lunn was conscientiously moved to undertake his little work: and, without saying that his *Elements of Music* is the only one adapted to the purpose for which it was intended, we can conscientiously recommend it as an excellent handbook for the student, or, more properly, beginner, well laid out, clearly expressed, and written concisely as may be consistent with the many details involved and necessitated.

The "Elements of Music" is published in small octavo of thirty-one pages, and contains twelve chapters.

NEW VARIATIONS BRILLANTE, on the English National Air, "God Save the Queen," for the pianoforte.—R. Andrews, Manchester.—Cramer, Beale and Co., London.

The above, we are informed, "was written to commemorate the joyous event of her Majesty and Prince Albert's most gracious visit to Manchester and Salford, October 10th, 1851." As a descriptive piece, therefore, we have to congratulate Mr. R. Andrews, who has exhibited both boldness and ingenuity of treatment in a subject so used up as the one he has selected—we mean, of course, "God Save the Queen," not "Her Majesty and Prince Albert's most gracious visit to Manchester and Salford." Though effective and showy, the variations are by no means difficult, and are well adapted for display.

THE HANDBOOK TO THE PIANOFORTE.—J. Augustine Wade.—Revised, with numerous additions, by John Barnett.—Whitaker and Co.

A work of more pretence and larger intention than we find in handbooks in general. While it comprises an easy rudimental introduction to the study of the piano and music, it also provides instructions on the art of fingering, according to the modes adopted by the best masters, and is interspersed by relaxations from study, consisting of popular melodies, and selections from the pianoforte compositions of some of the most celebrated masters. There is also attached a short and easy introduction to harmony and counterpoint, and a new vocabulary of terms.

Poor Augustine Wade! He was everything by turns, and nothing long. The scholar, novelist, poet, musician, as fancy, or a supposed bias of the mind induced him to sport with abilities, the full value and power of which were never proved. And what was the result? Cold fame, appreciation disturbed and divided, the natural consequences of talents misapplied, or turned aside from their true direction. And so there followed neglect, penury, death. It is strange how many Irishmen have been lost to reputation by that fatal diversity of powers—or, perhaps, to speak more truly, that eagerness, amounting to infatuation, to succeed in many pursuits; that thirst of mental change which peculiarly belongs to the sons of the Sister Kingdom, and which excites them to essay their flights in regions for which nature never intended them. This lust for universality of fame no doubt belongs to minds of secondary conformation, and arises from a lack of that perseverance or stimulus, which is the undoubted prerogative of genius. And such was Augustine Wade. He wanted that assiduity and determination of purpose which would have raised him to a high standing among his fellow labourers in the field of literature, had he sought for and discovered the capacity with which nature had most largely endowed him, and worked at it with a direct aim. For what he was best adapted it would be difficult to tell; but it is not presuming too far, to imagine that, if his various talents had been concentrated to one point, he would have reached a loftier position than he has attained. His poems indicate a graceful and susceptible mind, while his musical acquirements were by no means despicable. In other branches of literary endeavour, he was far from unsuccessful. He supplied magazines and other

periodicals with fugitive pieces, essays, histories, and tales of fancy. In music he even soared to the highest composition of the human mind, and wrote an oratorio, entitled *The Prophecy*, which has not outlived the composer. To his *Two Houses of Grenada*, an opera written and composed by himself, he was indebted for the largest share of his popularity; and some of his ballads, witness, among others, "Meet me by moonlight alone," obtained a success in their day not surpassed by those of any contemporary.

In the work under review Augustine Wade betokens a deeper research into the *arcana* of music than we would have given him credit for. Although some of the theories and opinions contained therein will be rejected by strict musicians, the *Hand-Book* affords indubitable evidence that the writer turned his attention earnestly to the study of music, and that his mental powers were by no means incongenial to the art. That he has received from Mr. John Barnett more than the assistance of a mere editor, will, we think, be conceded by those who consider the work attentively, and who have some knowledge of the acquirements of the two men: Nevertheless, there is enough to show that Augustine Wade was not altogether unsuited to the task; and the plan of the *Hand-Book*, which was undoubtedly his own, demonstrates, in a most satisfactory manner, that he possessed that order and lucidity which are among the chief requirements of the musician.

As a manual, the book before us is decidedly commendable, and we have great pleasure in proffering it to the attention of the pupil and student, who will find in it much matter worthy their most careful and serious perusal.

"THE OPEN WINDOW"—Ballad—Words by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW—Music by R. ANDREWS. R. Andrews, Manchester.

The feeling of this song is excellent, and displays in the composer a kindred sentiment with the charming and simple words of the poet. It is appropriately pitched in the key of A flat, and is altogether creditable to Mr. Andrews' talent.

"GENEVIEVE"—Tyrolean Melody—Words by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT—Arranged by R. ANDREWS. R. Andrews, Manchester.

We have heard better tunes imported from the Tyrol. Mr. Andrews' arrangement is neat and without pretence. Words very good.

"LA PERLE"—Mazurka et Cellarius Valtz—J. H. MACFARLANE. Leoni Lee and Coxhead.

The Perle Mazurka is well written, and not without a certain air of novelty. In procuring Mr. Macfarlane's dance the purchaser will be enabled to kill two birds with one stone—he will possess a Mazurka and a Cellarius Valtz, in one piece, and may practise either or both, according as his inclination prompts him—an advantage not to be denied.

D'ALBERT'S PRESENTATION ALBUM FOR 1852.—T. Chappell.

This book is got up in an exceedingly tasteful and elegant manner. White, gold, and violet colours predominate in the covers, which, though plain, are rich and fanciful. The title page and index are both beautiful, being lithographed by the Messrs. Hanhart in their most striking manner, from drawings by Brandard. The illustrations are four in number, and all excellent. The first is the picture of a young lady, descriptive of the "Queen of Roses" Valtz. The figure is well and prettily posed, and the flowers which hang in wreaths around, are coloured with much truthfulness. The second picture illustrates the "Flower of the Field," and represents a lady, we should say, from her short silk dress, and lace mittens to match—although to our thinking, a peasant girl would have carried out the poetical idea more truly. The face is very handsome, and the shadows on the features and arms artistically managed. The similarity of the two illustrations is, perhaps, objectionable. The third illustration is apropos of "The King Pippin" Polka, and represents a child in a reclining posture displaying an apple—a charming picture. The allusion is obvious. The fourth picture has reference to the Irish Quadrille, and delineates, in vivid colours, the far-famed Cove of Cork, as seen from

Queenstown. We have never been farther south in Ireland than Slievenamon in Tipperary, and cannot vouch for the genuineness of the drawing. It is, however, exceedingly handsome and striking.

The contents of the Album are as follows:—Valse—"Queen of Roses;" Galop—"Express;" Quadrille—"Como;" Valse—"The Flower of the Field;" Polka—"The Sailor Prince;" Valse—"Genevieve;" Polka—"The King Pippin;" Valse—"La Belle Suisse;" Polka—"The Review;" Quadrille—"Ireland;" Schottisch—"La Parisienne;" Valse—"Le Bouquet de Rose;" Polka-Mazourka—"La Viennoise;" Valse—"Les Clochettes." Of these the waltzes more particularly strike our fancy, and are sure to be liked. We are also right well pleased with the Quadrille of Ireland, which, though founded on a subject more than usually handled, has been selected by Mr. D'Albert with judgment and skill. The last figure, introducing, "I'd mourn the hopes," "Evelyn's Bower," "Good morrow to your night-cap," and "Calder Fair," is particularly happy.

As one of the most beautiful Albums of the Season, and as containing dance music of the choicest description, D'Albert's Presentation Album has our strongest recommendation.

Foreign.

PARIS.—(From our Correspondent.)—After eleven years' silence, the magic bow of Ernst, the great German violinist, has spoken to the ears of the Parisian connoisseurs. Ernst gave a concert on Wednesday evening at Herz's Rooms, in the Rue de la Victoire. The following was the programme:—

Ouverture des Hébrides.	Mendelssohn.
Allégo pathétique (concerto), composé et exécuté par Ernst.	Ernst.
Air Italien, chanté par Madame Duflot Maillard.	
Grande fantaisie sur la Marche et la Romance d'Otello, par Ernst.	
Air des Puritains, chanté par Madame Véra.	
Élégie (Ernst).	Ernst.
Romance de la Nina, chantée par Madame Duflot Maillard.	
Rondo Papageno (Ernst).	Ernst.
Méodies de Gordigiani, chantées par Madame Véra.	
Andante suivi du Carnaval de Venise (Ernst). Ernst.	
L'Orchestre dirigé par M. Hector Berlioz.	

A more crowded, a more discriminating, and a more enthusiastic audience never assembled together to render homage to a great artist. Every piece created a furore, from the grand and masterly *Allegro Pathétique* to the humorous and fanciful *Carnaval de Venise*. Except the celebrated fantasia in *Otello* and the heart-touching *Elegie*, the *morceaux* were all new to the Paris audience. Ernst was in his best mood, and played in his most irreproachable manner. His execution of the *Allegro* was magnificent—worthy of the music, in short, which is itself worthy of any composer for the violin. As he got warmer he acquired even more strength, and after each piece, like Anteus, who touched the earth and waxed more vigorous, he rose and performed feats more marvellous than the last. A more triumphant success was never achieved, even by Ernst, whose artistic life has been a series of triumphs. The stamp of Paris was alone wanted to complete the European representation of the violinist, already acknowledged pre-eminent in the other musical countries.

The first concert of the *Société des Concert* took place on Sunday at the grande *salle* of the *Conservatoire*. The programme was as follows:—

Quatrième symphonie en la, de Mendelssohn.
Benedictus d'Haydn.
Trio pour deux hautbois et cor anglais, par Beethoven;
Exécuté par MM. Verroust, Triébert et Romeden.
Marche des Deux Avars, de Grétry.
Symphonie en si bémol, de Beethoven.
Alleluia, de Hændel.

L'Orchestre dirigé par M. Girard.

The symphony of Mendelssohn,* given for the first time, created a furore, and surpassed all that followed it. The execution (of the first movement especially) was transcendent. *Elijah* is to form the extra programme of one of the concerts this season.

Henri Herz gave a concert on Monday night in his own rooms, and played some of his recent compositions. The accomplished artist was warmly received by a large concourse of amateurs and performers, delighted to welcome him back after his long absence. He played admirably.

Ferlotti, the new barytone, has made a great impression at the *Italiens*, in *Maria de Rohan*, with Mad. Fiorentini, Guasco, and Belletti. Ferlotti is a great acquisition to the theatre. Meanwhile, Cruvelli continues to be the principal attraction. Her Amina has been pronounced perfection by the French *cognoscenti*. The President, L. Napoleon, attended the theatre on Tuesday. *Maria de Rohan* was performed. There was no demonstration of enthusiasm.

NEW YORK.—(Dec. 17th).—The first of the proposed series of three concerts for Miss Catherine Hayes came off on Tuesday evening last. A full house might have been expected from the attraction offered; but the known coolness of Metropolitan Hall, doubtless, kept many away. On this occasion, however, the room was comfortable. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Overture—(*Midsummer Night's Dream*), Mendelssohn. Duett—"I Marinari," Rossini.—Mr. Augustus Braham and Herr Mengis. Aria—"Vanne dissi" (*Roberto il Diavolo*), Meyerbeer.—Miss Catherine Hayes. Barcarole—"Or che in cielo" (*Marino Faliero*), Donizetti.—Mr. Augustus Braham. Aria—"Miei rampolli femminini" (*Cenerentola*), Rossini.—Herr Mengis. Duett—"Quanto amore" (*L'Elisir d'Amore*), Donizetti.—Miss C. Hayes and Herr Mengis. PART II.—Overture—(*Ruler of the Spirits*), Weber. "Oft in the stilly night," An Irish Ballad.—Mr. Augustus Braham. "Au revoir" (for the first time), Lavenu; the words written by G. P. Morris.—Miss Catherine Hayes. Aria Buffa—"Lorsque non maitre" (*Jean de Paris*), Bofeldieu.—Herr Mengis. "The Last Rose of Summer," An Irish Ballad (for the first time), Miss Catherine Hayes. Serenade—"The Star of Love," Wallace.—Mr. Augustus Braham. Polka—"Gia dallamento," Alari (for the first time).—Miss Catherine Hayes. Grand Finale Instrumental.

The overtures, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Ruler of the Spirits*, were well played, but by an orchestra of less perfect proportions than is customary. The first of these met with much applause: the latter was passed over almost in silence.

The aria, "Vanne dissi," from *Roberto il Diavolo*, sung by Miss Hayes, we regarded as the greatest triumph of the evening; yet, we preferred Stefanone's rendering of the same aria. It was encored, as was also Gen. Morris's song, "Au revoir," a rather pretty composition, which pleased most of the audience more than it did us. "The Last Rose of Summer," was given by Miss Hayes with exquisite purity of tone and pathos—would we could say with distinct articulation. The audience demanded a repetition, which the singer tried to avoid; but they would not be pacified, and it was sung again.

* Recently printed as a pianoforte duet, by Ewer and Co.

Mr. Braham sang as usual, generally with sweet tone when he did not try to sing loud; sometimes naturally and easily, but sometimes with a degree of affected expression very annoying. He introduced the syllable ah! very absurdly sometimes.

Herr Mengis's bold and energetic vocalisation, and natural style, were highly relished by the audience. In the duett with Miss Hayes, "Quanto Amore," the part being mostly in his best notes, was given with effective, but subdued, gesticulation. It was almost unanimously encored.

The troupe of Miss Hayes have now been before the public in this country sufficiently long to enable us to judge how far they have succeeded.

We think Miss Hayes may be said to have succeeded in justifying her fame by her concerts in this country. True, enthusiasm is less, and the madness of the musical critics has method in it now; but the retiring wave of public opinion has left her firmly fixed at a height few can hope to reach.

BALTIMORE.—(Dec. 18th).—A very large audience greeted the first appearance of Miss Catherine Hayes last evening, notwithstanding the intense cold and the remoteness of the concert room, circumstances under which almost anything else would have failed. The place chosen for the occasion was the new hall of the Maryland Institute, a part of which was partitioned for the occasion, forming a room capable of seating nearly three thousand persons, and from every part of which each note could be heard with perfect distinctness. The warm and hearty plaudits with which Miss Hayes was received on her entrance upon the stage, prolonged, and again and again repeated, spoke the welcome of the audience to the woman and the artist, and also gave some indications of the pitch to which expectation had been tuned. The first *cavatina* was given with an effect that over-topped this expectation. With admirable judgment Miss Hayes had placed first upon the programme a composition in which her *peculiar* powers could be brought into play, and indeed, which demanded their exertion to the utmost. It was the Adagio, "Ah, mon fils," from the *Prophet*, and was given with a purity and justness of tone and style, and withal a fervid eloquence, that was above criticism.

Of the selections of Italian music prepared by Miss Hayes, we cannot in candour speak with the same enthusiasm. Here the voice is more or less converted into an instrument, and Miss Hayes's great power lies in human passion, far away from mere vocal agility and grace. Her *school*, in Italian music, is not the purest nor most classical. Doubtless, with the free scope of the stage, from which the Italian Opera can never be transferred without loss of one half its effect, Miss Hayes could command a much higher opinion than she seems to win in this order of music in the concert room. We recognise her ability to what is so much greater and more difficult, in a manner so immeasurably finer, that we hope this discrimination will not sound like depreciation. We must acknowledge a disappointment also in the Irish Melody, Moore's "Harp of Tara." Expression seemed to be lost in too great an effort after it, and the *rhythm* of the melody, that essential element in a ballad, almost disappeared in the *ad libitum* with which she sang it. The touching quality of her tones, and the effect she at times gives to a single word, cannot be too highly praised.

Messrs. Braham and Mengis were kindly received—as also was Mr. Kyle. The orchestra was hastily assembled, and clever enough to be indulgently mentioned.

LONDON THURSDAY CONCERTS.

The third concert, on Thursday evening, did not attract so large an assemblage as the second, owing, doubtless, to the inclemency of the weather. The rain came down in torrents, from four o'clock until midnight, and to many the home fire-side, under such circumstances, presented a far more enviable attraction than any out of door amusement. But, notwithstanding the opposition of the season, Exeter Hall was tolerably well filled, and enough congregated to show what might have been expected, had the night been more propitious.

We have lost the programme, and our columns are already full. We must, therefore, dismiss the performance of Thursday last as briefly as possible.

In addition to the Madrigal Choir, the vocalist, and instrumentalists, the manager engaged the Band of the 1st Life Guards, who, under the direction of Mr. Weddell, the Bandmaster, played two overtures and two selections with great effect. The singers were Miss Ransford, Miss Binckes, Miss Stewart, Mr. Frank Bodda, and Mr. Swift. We were much pleased to see Mr. Frank Bodda return to his duties after a retirement of three months, necessitated by a serious accident. This popular barytone is now, we perceive, all right again, and sang on Thursday with all his usual vigour and energy. In Handel's solo and chorus, "Haste thee, Nymph," Mr. Frank Bodda, by his graphic humour and capital singing, obtained an encore. He also gave a comic song by Lover with much point. Miss Ransford, who assisted in various concerted pieces, was encored in "The Soldier tird;" and Mr. Swift, the "new tenor"—how long will he be "new?"—received the same compliment in Abt's "Swallows." Miss Binckes and Miss Stewart obtained a fair share of applause for their efforts.

The instrumental department was assigned to Arabella Goddard, and "the celebrated Hungarian pianist," whose name we unfortunately forgot, having lost the programme. The "celebrated Hungarian pianist" must not be judged by his performance on this occasion, as he played a very easy piece of his own, which made no great demands on the pliancy of his fingers. A passage of octaves showed that the "celebrated Hungarian pianist" was not deficient in manual dexterity, but furthermore we cannot say.

Of Arabella Goddard, whom we have taken under the wings of our favour as the most rapidly rising artist of the day, we can only say that in Thalberg's wonderfully difficult *Mosé in Egitto* fantasia she surpassed all our expectations. We did not fear that the young pianist would not be equal to mastering the difficulties of Thalberg's piece, but we had our apprehensions that she would have strength enough to go on to the end, and were surprised to find that the last passages were rendered with as much firmness, precision, and brilliancy, as the first.

In Mendelssohn's Andante and Rondo Capriccio, repeated by desire, from its success last week, we thought the fair pianist had somewhat accelerated the time of the andante, which appeared to us no improvement. The Rondo was as splendidly and perfectly rendered, as on the former Thursday.

The Madrigals were well chosen, and favourably received, but having lost the programme we cannot enter into specifications.

KATE LODER AND ARABELLA GODDARD.—These two accomplished pianists will play a duet together on the 21st instant, on the occasion of the Concert in behalf of the widow and children of the late Mr. Blewitt.

Dramatic.

MARYLEBONE.—The pantomime here is running its merry round with steady success, and is a very fair specimen of its class. The idea of manufacturing a pantomime in a huge boiler, is a good one, and amusingly developed in the first scene. Then appears Sir John Barleycorn in the midst of his fields and meadows, advertising for a wife, the village lasses offering themselves one after the other, to fill the place of this needful piece of household furniture. Among the comical feats of the knight, is the assault of his rival's castle with a battery of "soda-water." The harlequinade goes off glibly, aided by the famous Tom Matthews as clown, who is supported by an efficient harlequin, an active sprite, and a graceful columbine—(a fair-haired, blue-eyed nymph, with a pretty face, and ankles to match). The best commentary on the pantomime, however, is the state of the house, which is full every night.

ADELPHI.—The appearance of Mr. Silsbee in a new character, although it has proved an additional attraction, affords little room for remark, *The Yankee Pedlar* being in fact, nothing more than *The Yankee Ploughboy* in another dress and calling. But Mr. Silsbee is as amusing as before, tells his stories with the same national humour, and is as highly relished by the audience as ever.

OLYMPIC.—On Thursday evening, after the popular drama of *Grandfather Whitehead*, in which Mr. Farren represents the principal character with such extraordinary and touching fidelity to nature, a new farce entitled *An Organic Affection* was produced at this theatre.

Mr. Doublequill Bun (Mr. Compton) is by profession a copyist, endowed with unlimited aspirations for ease, affluence, and good living, which aspirations, however, appear to stand little chance of ever being gratified. Another aspiration for which he is remarkable, and which we had forgotten to mention, is one for the fair sex in general, and more especially for Mademoiselle Joliejambe (Mrs. Alfred Phillips), a popular actress whom he has seen in a piece of Mr. Bookem Longwind (Mr. Norton), a dramatic author for whom Bun officiates as amanuensis. Mademoiselle Joliejambe, however, pays but little regard to his adoration until he suddenly comes into the possession of a fortune of forty thousand pounds, left him by a rich relation, when she immediately marks him as her own, and sets about using all her powers of fascination to attain her object. But Bun has a sincere friend in the person of Doctor Cureheart (Mr. G. Cooke), who, to protect him from the machinations of this female Machiavel, persuades him that he is afflicted with *An Organic Affection*, and that the least excess of any kind would most indubitably be followed by fatal consequences. The knowledge of this supposed fact acts as an extinguisher upon Mademoiselle Joliejambe's designs, for directly her advances have wound Bun up to a frightful state of excitement, and at the moment she fancies that she has, to use the true Saxon expression, "booked" him, he recollects what an awful risk he is running, and suddenly breaks matters off. After a few more laughable scenes in which this idea is still further carried out, Bun marries Penelope Ashton (Miss Julia Glover), a young orphan, who takes in washing and owes her life to Bun's courage, having been once rescued by him from the insults of some well-dressed ruffians.

The several characters were very well sustained, but none of them, with the exception of that of Mr. Doublequill Bun, had very much to say or do. On Mr. Compton in the last mentioned part did the whole of the piece rest, as, when speaking of Atlas, the poet tells us,

"Omne
Cum tot sideribus cælum requievit in illo,"

and well did Mr. Compton sustain his load. His acting was throughout excellent, and in the scene where he learns his sudden accession to the fortune of forty thousand pounds, the representation he gave of a man almost frantic with joy was inimitable. The applause at the fall of the curtain was general throughout the house, and all the *Dramatis Personæ* were recalled. There was a call for the author as well, but he did not make his appearance.

The farce was followed by the highly successful pantomime of *Red Rufus*, which seems to become more popular every night; it is, certainly, one of the best pantomimes in London. Mr. Edwin Edwards, the clown, has already become an established favourite; his agility and address are really astonishing, and the extraordinary feats of his two dogs surpass anything of the kind we have ever seen. The numerous *corps de ballet*, too, headed by Miss Wyndham, who is, without a doubt, one of the most beautiful *danseuses* on the stage, as far as personal charms are concerned, execute the different dances allotted to them, with even more precision than they did before. Altogether, *Red Rufus* has proved a decided hit.

MARIONETTE THEATRE.—A most convenient *salle de spectacle* has been constructed in the ex-Gallery of Science, Lowther Arcade, for the purpose of affording an arena for the feats of a company of *Marionettes*, Angliçè, Puppets, that made their first appearance before a British public last Monday. These said Marionettes are very astonishing, and are decidedly worthy of that patronage which has hitherto filled their theatre. They execute the most wonderful things—for Marionettes,—such as dancing in a very graceful manner, walking, running, laughing, gaping, winking, and in fact everything else, except talking, that human beings themselves do. During the past week, the Programme has contained the titles of an introductory *pièce de circonstance*—which, by the way, is very wittily written—a broad extravaganza, *Bombastes Furioso*, to wit, and a ballet; if this will not entice the public, then is the many-headed monster as difficult to please as its prototype formerly was to annihilate; besides, persons going to see the Marionettes will be certain of one thing—"your clowns," as Hamlet has it, "will say no more than is set down for them," and every sensible player, accustomed to the vagaries of some actors of the present day, will know how to appreciate this at its proper value. Again, if the Puppets are wooden-headed, so are many of their human *confrères*; and the Puppets have this recommendation: having no brains of their own, they obey the thoughts emanating from the brains of others, while their *confrères*, with quite as small an amount of brains, have an immense deal more pretension, and often mar many a good piece by their ridiculous airs and the absurd notions they entertain of their own dignity and importance with respect to every other living being, and more especially as regards that insignificant personage—the author of the piece in which they are playing.

M. SILAS'S CONCERTO.

It was my intention to have undertaken an analysis of Mr. Silas's sonata in your next number, but having been informed, I hope correctly, that a gentleman highly competent to the task, and who is a frequent contributor to the pages of your periodical, has expressed an intention of immediately preparing a careful review of the whole of Mr. Silas's works, I willingly retire my proposition, relying on the testimony of his former criticisms on the works of his brother composers, that we may feel assured the labour will be performed with impartial justice, great ability, and sound

judgment. It is important these works should pass under the review of able hands; none but those who are deeply versed in the mysteries of the art can appreciate a large and original work in all its bearings, can copiously and satisfactorily dilate upon the projection of all its beauties and faults, its excellences and imperfections, or can readily discern the author's aspirations and intentions, his successes and his failures. In this country we can boast of no eminent writers on music; our neighbours surpass us greatly in this respect. The *Athenæum* has the reputation of being one among the foremost journals, in advocacy of literature and the fine arts, but we have only to refer to the pages of the last number devoted to the notice of Mr. Silas's new concerto, and collate the work with the writer's observations, to be fully convinced, that, in lieu of genuine and authentic criticism, a continuous heap of verbiage and nonsense encumbers the columns of that journal. I cannot attribute the strange misstatements and incorrect propositions therein made to the prejudice or malice of the writer, or to any of the passions, vulgarly objected to unfavourable and ill-natured critics; but I am drawn to a belief, that the musical capacity of the writer is too feeble, his judgment not sufficiently comprehensive, to grapple with a great and original composition. The sequel will show this opinion to be conclusive.

In the critic's remarks on the *andante* of M. Silas' Concerto he says there is no second subject. Now, at the commencement of page 6, the second subject is boldly pronounced by the orchestra, and its character is so opposite to that of the first subject, that I was disposed to consider the contrast too violent, until my judgment was reconciled to it by the artistic manner in which various fragments of it are interwoven and combined with the first subject, imparting unity and variety in the elaboration of this *andante*, that must excite great admiration. For a short time I thought I had discovered the cause of this remarkable assertion of the critic, by supposing he had accidentally turned two pages instead of one; but a slight reflection convinced me that the characteristic features of the second subject frequently occurring throughout the latter part of the movement, would have induced him to have turned back for their original source, had he not, in the simplicity of his understanding, been totally unconscious of their presence. He proceeds, "the second movement is fourteen pages of *Scherzo allegro molto vivace in two four time, E. Major*. In this again, the subject is a subject; no mean praise now-a-days, though less piquant and playful than its author meant it to be." What may be meant by such slipshod criticism as this I know not; an intelligent mind must perceive its emptiness and puerility. Abstractedly considered, the subject of the first movement is the best, and that of the *finale* the boldest; but why the subject of the *Scherzo* is thus apostrophised, I will defy any one to tell, saving that the composer has admirably fitted it to his purpose. The writer afterwards observes, "What may be called the *trio* is objectionable on the score of monotony; the same figure, which is one of rather a satiating rhythm, being repeated forty times and more—an easy manner of writing this for any one who can modulate!"

However incredible, it is, nevertheless, indisputably true, that the critic here mistakes the accompaniment for the principal part, though the composer has indicated by an additional line, enough to instruct a musical tyro, that the melody, and the various effects of contrast and colouring of these few bars must be developed by the orchestra, the pianoforte part forming a characteristic accompaniment. I cannot refrain a smile when I think how irresistibly funny this accompaniment must have sounded as it was trolled by the lethargic fingers of

our innocent critic. I will not detain your readers with his remarks on the last movement, as they are of no higher tendency, and of a lower tendency they cannot be than those already cited. However, he has one observation, "the finger-passages are neither very original nor surpassingly brilliant," to which I will add that newness of finger-passage is no evidence of freshness of idea, and the brilliancy of passages must be subservient to the character of the work. The concerto is in D minor. In these animadversions I emphatically disclaim any intention of conveying personal offence; my desire is to evidence the low state of the art of criticism on music in this country. Moreover, I imagine the writer in the *Athenæum* to be a gentleman, and a scholar of high and classical attainments; his superior abilities might be devoted to other and much more congenial subjects of instruction and amusement. We might learn from him the peculiar accent and rhythm of the melody with which the ancient Egyptians charmed their serpents; what sort of tune Arion played to the dolphin; whether the notes of the dying swan are plaintive or joyous; or of which of the five models, whether Dorian, Lydian, Æolian, Phrygian, or Ionic, was the celebrated bravura Sappho sang before she leaped from the rock. To such speculative inquiries the odd style, eccentric taste, and classical learning of this gentleman are eminently fitted; but when he employs them to assume the magisterial direction of musical art, they are worse than useless, for they cannot assist, but they may obstruct its progress.

I shall conclude this letter by again expressing my hopes that the information may be true respecting the forthcoming review of Mr. Silas's works.

I remain, &c.,

S. K. E.

Provincial.

LEEDS.—MADRIGAL AND MOTET SOCIETY.—SECOND CONCERT.—Criticism, like all sublimity things, has its two sides. It has its pleasures and its pains. Our task on the present occasion is one of almost unmixed pleasure. The second concert of the Madrigal and Motet Society, on Wednesday last, was in every respect highly satisfactory. Its principal feature was the second appearance before a Leeds audience of the members of the Glee and Madrigal Union, consisting of Mrs. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Messrs. Phillips, Locket, Land, and Francis. Having so recently spoken of the high qualifications of each, and still more, of their unequalled *ensemble*, we could only repeat ourselves if we were again to enlarge upon this subject. The true test of the really good is, that it will bear repetition, and still more, that it gains upon repetition. This we have felt to an unusual degree, on our second hearing of this highly talented company. We have always looked upon glees as a very pleasing kind of composition, but never, until now, have we felt its full charm. Nothing more perfect and complete of its kind, we feel assured, has ever been produced. The voices seem as if they had been created for each other, and they are, throughout, guided and sustained by the purest taste and the most exquisite art. Where all was perfect it would be difficult to make a selection. When we listened to the refined rendering of Webbe's glee, "When winds breathe soft," we considered that nothing more complete could be produced. But even this was surpassed by Sir H. Bishop's beautiful glee, "Blow gentle gales." The full deep tones of Miss M. Williams's splendid voice still resound in our ears, and the whole left an impression which will not soon be effaced. It met, as it well deserved, with an unanimous encore. The concert was divided into three parts. The second part consisted of solos and duets. While, here likewise, the singing left nothing to be desired, we cannot speak with equal commendation of the pieces selected; they were, with few exceptions, of a mediocre character. We should be doing an act of great injustice were we to pass over without high commendation, the performances of our local singers.

With perfect good taste they confined themselves to choral singing. Theirs was a somewhat perilous position. They had to stand in immediate comparison with the masters of their art, and we record it with no small pleasure, they bravely stood the test. Mendelssohn's part song, "Season of pleasure," was sung with great spirit and exactness. But it was in Luca Marenzio's Madrigal, "Lady, see on every side," that they showed that they had caught the true spirit of the madrigal, and of the occasion. There was a decision and a harmonious blending of the voices, which we have never heard surpassed in Leeds. Not only was this performance loudly cheered by the audience, but—what was probably still more rewarding to the conductor Mr. Spark, and to the performers—it called forth an expression of high approbation from their naturally fastidious compeers from London. Not the least pleasing feature of the evening was the attendance of one of the most crowded and brilliant audiences ever assembled in the Music Hall. We are glad that the spirit and enterprise of the society have been thus amply rewarded; and as an encouragement to all who wish and strive to see our good town take a high position in the musical world, we hail it with still more unmingled satisfaction.—*Leeds Paper.*

STROUD.—An excellent performance of Handel's oratorio, the *Messiah*, took place at the Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday evening, the 6th instant, by the Gloucester Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Amott, the talented organist of the cathedral. The principal vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Bassano, Mr. Pearsall, Mr. Poole, and Mr. Wilson. The solos deserving especial notice were Miss Birch's "Rejoice Greatly," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," Miss Bassano's "O thou that tellest" "He was despised and rejected of Men," Mr. Pearsall's "Comfort ye my People," and "Thou shalt dash them," Mr. Poole in "The trumpet shall sound." The choruses were sustained with admirable precision and effect, and deserve especial notice. Mr. Uglov of Cheltenham presided with great ability at the pianoforte. A repetition of the oratorio took place on the following evening at the Shire Hall, Gloucester, by the same vocalists, which was exceedingly well attended; both principals and choir were equally effective; the organ was brought into use and added much to the general effect in the choruses as compared with the preceding evening. We most cordially congratulate Mr. Amott and the members of the Choral Society upon the very successful result of their operations. Hoping it may not be long before a similar treat be again offered in both towns.

MUSIC IN BELFAST.—(From our own Correspondent.)—You will doubtless learn from the Belfast papers that M. Jullien, the indefatigable, is paying us a visit, and filling his pockets—I am glad of both. We have our money's worth, and he will be induced to continue his exertions. The *troupe* he brings with him is first rate. The orchestra, exceeding forty, is composed of artists filling the most prominent positions in the greatest establishment in the metropolis. In the programme we find the names of Baumann, Lazarus, Remusat, Lavigne, Koenig, Sonnenberg, Cioffi, Jarrett, Prospère, Baker, Fague, Vogel, &c., &c. The list of solists could not be surpassed; it includes the distinguished talents of Sivi and Bottessini, and, with Miss Cicely Nott, Jullien's new discovery, forms a programme quite equal, if not superior, to any before presented in the provinces. The performances were as near perfection as possibly could be. For the *ensemble* I suspect the country people have an advantage over the Londoners, the orchestra having undergone a course of training at the Promenade Concerts in London. Nearly all the names mentioned are so well known that, despite of "your abstract reverence for copy," I shall not rob your readers of matter, which, if not more interesting, will certainly be more new. I will only inform you that Bottessini produced a sensation which I do not believe has ever been equalled in this town. Cotton is down in the Belfast market, and double basses are up. The public expected some wonderful feats of dexterity from Bottessini, but they were not prepared to hear, on an instrument hitherto rather absurd, away from its place in the orchestra, one of the finest *singers* of the present time. Signor Sivi's reception was such as a great artist like him must always command. His reputation as one of the greatest performers in classical music, his extraordinary facility, and elegance of style, in *morceaux* more

adapted for the general public, have justly entitled him to one of the highest positions in the musical profession. The new singer, who has made her first appearance here, Miss Cicely Nott, has left a most favourable impression. She has a beautiful clear soprano voice, flexible, and of great compass—she has evidently been well taught. She was encored by the general wish of all present, and produced a decided effect in both her songs. One of them was called "The Echo of Lucerne," a most charming bagatelle, *a la Suisse*, one of M. Jullien's most distinguished fugitives, with very pretty and appropriate words, and altogether a first rate ballad.

M. Jullien and company leave for Glasgow to-morrow, where they commence operations on Monday.

EDINBURGH.—**THEATRE ROYAL.**—The Manager is exhibiting no lack of enterprise, judging from his exertions for the public amusement by the production of new and popular pieces. Last night, a numerous audience greeted Mr. Cooper, on his reappearance after his late indisposition. He acted the part of "Uncle Fozzle" (in the piece of that name) with the richest humour, but yet in a quiet, natural and unexaggerated style. The piece was followed (for the first time in Edinburgh) by a new musical comedietta, entitled "My Daughter's Debut." It is extremely slight in construction; but the glimpses it affords of the secrets of dramatic management, are extremely amusing. Miss Eliza Nelson is the *prima donna*, and in that character exhibits her graceful and expressive style of singing to the best advantage. Her sparkling execution of the finale—"The heart released from every care," in particular, excited the cordial plaudits of the auditory. She sung the other songs without effort, and with a most effective combination of simplicity and spirit. The piece was highly successful.—(*Edinburgh Courant*, Jan. 8.)

LIVERPOOL.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Mr. Edward W. Thomas gave the second of his series of Four Classical Chamber Concerts, on Monday evening, under the immediate patronage of the Mayor and the Committee of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. Mr. Thomas was assisted by Mr. C. A. Seymour—of whom you have heard many a time and oft from your own Manchester Correspondent—Mr. Baetens (tenor), Mr. Lidel (violin-cello)—of both of whom you have also obtained recordation from the same source—and Miss Kate Loder, of whom it would be superfluous in me to say one word in praise. The programme included, Mozart's Quartet in A, No. 9—two violins, viola and violoncello; Mendelssohn's trio, in C minor—pianoforte, violin and violoncello; Spohr's duet, in D minor, Op. 39—two violins; Mendelssohn's Andante and Rondo Capriccio—pianoforte; and Beethoven's Quartet, in G, No. 2—two violins, tenor and violoncello. This was an admirable selection and afforded the highest gratification to all assembled. It speaks loudly in favour of the talent of Manchester, that three out of four of the string executants should have been selected to play before a Liverpool audience. All the pieces went well. Kate Loder distinguished herself pre-eminently. She was perfectly at home in Mendelssohn's music, and created a great sensation. She was encored, in conjunction with Messrs. E. W. Thomas and Lidel, in the Scherzo of Mendelssohn, and also in the Andante and Rondo Capriccio of the same composer. For the last named Miss Kate Loder substituted two Melodies of her own, which were received with distinguished favour. The room was tolerably full, and the audience very select. The saloon of the Philharmonic Hall, in which the concert was held, is liable to objections, it is long and narrow, and not well adapted for conveying sound. It is much more suited for the purpose to which it is ordinarily applied; viz., a Refreshment Room; for which we recommend the committee strictly to reserve it in future. The third concert is announced to take place on Wednesday, the 4th proximo.

Miscellaneous.

MISS RANSFORD'S CONCERTS.—The sixth and last of a series of Concerts, given by Miss Ransford, took place on Tuesday, January 6th, at the residence of the *beneficiaire*, on which occasion, Miss L. Pyne, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. W. Harrison, sang some of their most favourite *morceaux* in their accustomed style of excellence, and

elicited the warm approbation of their audience. Mr. G. Perren, who possesses a tenor voice of some sweetness was encored in a ballad by Mr. Cherry, and Miss Ransford received a similar compliment in the "Soldier tired," in which she was most ably supported by Mr. T. Harper. The fair concert-giver also joined her father in a duet, "The Syren and Friar," and took the principal part in several glees. We were delighted again to hear the fresh and sparkling duet of Mendelssohn executed by Mrs. J. Macfarren and Mr. W. H. Holmes, in a style of excellence congenial to this most charming composition. We must compliment Mrs. J. Macfarren upon her admirable taste in selecting such music for performance, for which she cannot fail to be rewarded by the appreciation of all music-lovers. This lady also played the popular "Carnaval" of Schulhoff, in a brilliant manner. We must not forget to mention the charming Miss Poole, who late in the concert delighted the audience by singing a ballad, in which her sympathetic voice and winning manner formed the principal charm. Mr. L. Sloper conducted.

THE LATE MR. TURNER, THE ARTIST.—The *Athenaeum* says, Mr. Turner was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side, as he desired to be, of his favourite, Sir Joshua Reynolds. His grave will add another reason for calling that portion of St. Paul's in which he is buried by the name of "Painters' Corner." Some of the best known of our English school of artists sleep within the walls of our metropolitan cathedral:—Reynolds and Lawrence, Fuseli and Barry, Opie and West. Vandyck was buried in Old St. Paul's—and his bones may, perhaps, be lying now near to Sir Joshua's. Mr. Turner was living at Chelsea, under an assumed name. The story is as follows:—"He loved retirement, and entertained a peculiar dislike to having his lodgings known—sharing with all his immense wealth the feeling of the poorest bankrupt. He saw lodgings to his liking, asked the price, found them cheap, and that was quite as much to his liking. But the landlady wanted a reference—"I will buy your house outright, my good woman," was the reply, somewhat angrily. Then, an agreement was wanted—met by an exhibition of bank notes and sovereigns, and an offer to pay in advance—an offer which proved, of course, perfectly satisfactory. The artist's difficulties were not, however, yet over. The landlady wanted her lodger's name—in case any gentleman should call. This was a worse dilemma. 'Name, Name,' he muttered to himself, in his usual gruff manner; 'What is your name?'—'My name is Mrs. Brook.' 'O,' was the reply, 'then I am Mr. Brook'—and as a 'Mr. Brook,' Turner died at Chelsea." The *Literary Gazette* confirms the statement with respect to Turner's will:—"Nearly the whole of his fortune (stated at £150,000 to £200,000), is left for the foundation of some almshouses for decayed oil-painters; and it is believed that he has been working for this object for many years."

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN.—The numerous admirers of this gentleman, who has for so long a period delighted the playgoers of Liverpool by his intellectual performances at our theatres will be happy to hear that he has been offered an engagement, on very liberal terms, by Mr. B. Webster, the far-seeing lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, at which establishment he will make his *debut* in *Hamlet* on the 9th February.—*Liverpool Paper.*

M. JULLIEN gives a second concert at the Philharmonic Hall, on the 26th instant, on which occasion Bottesini and Sivori, two of the greatest *artistes* in the world, will perform a duet. Miss Cicely Nott will sing some new and popular airs, and the band perform some of the latest dance music composed by the great *maestro* during the present season.—*Liverpool Paper.*

MUSICAL SOUND AND SENSE.—The small amount of pains taken with the words of a modern opera, is worthy of remark; and there seems little which is harmonic between musical sound and poetical sense. How exquisite is Gay's verse in the "Beggars' Opera," but an audience scarcely ever recognises its beauties. A lady once remarked, that she received very little pleasure from the words of Moore's Melodies until she sang them.—*Whiting's Literary Melange.*

ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—We particularly call the attention of the musical public to the announcement of the opening of the second season of this admirable party of glee singers and madrigalians, which takes place on Monday evening at

Willis's Rooms. To all lovers of good old English music, the English Glee and Madrigal Union cannot fail to prove in the highest degree attractive, especially as it is constituted of such excellent materials. We expect to see Willis's Rooms crowded on Monday evening next.

MRS. ALEXANDER NEWTON has been singing, during the last few weeks, at Nottingham, Northampton, and Barnsley, with great success.

SUSSEX HALL, LEADENHALL STREET.—A concert was given at the above Hall on Wednesday evening week, January 7th, in aid of the Youths' Benevolent Society. There was a very full attendance, and we are pleased to say that something was realised towards the funds in hand belonging to the society. The following artists assisted:—Vocalists—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Dolby, Miss E. Jacobs, Mr. Whitworth, and Mr. Swift. Instrumentalists—Miss Kate Loder (piano), Mr. Richardson (flute), and M. Sainton (violin). The concert was of the miscellaneous and popular kind, there being no attempt to make a diversion in favour of the classics. Perhaps the scheme was politic, seeing that the chief aim was to attract an audience, for which purpose, no doubt, the mixed popular music is best adapted, more particularly with audiences who lean Citywards. We cannot pretend to specify all the items of the programme. The first encore was awarded to Mr. Richardson's flute solo—perfectly rendered; the next to Miss Dolby's ballad, "Ida," by George Linley, charmingly sung. Herr Jongmans, who made so successful a *debut* at the London Thursday Concerts, was likewise greeted with a demand for a repetition of his effort in "Largo al factotum," when he substituted a German song; so that, in fact, those who encored the singer for the sake of the song, were lamentably disappointed, and were compelled to put up with Herr Something for Rossini. But herein Herr Jongmans only follows the custom of all modern singers, who, off the stage, like to exhibit variety of styles. Herr Jongmans, by the way, gives indication of a vein of comic humour. The humour may be said to be of the Belgian kind, more peculiar than natural—more quaint than rich—more acidulous than oily; nevertheless, he has humour, and "makes mirth 'mong the many." He sang "Largo al factotum" with stoutness and energy, and brought out the G with Ronconian power; but the voice has none of the softness or fluidity necessitated for that most magnificent of buffo songs. Nevertheless, Herr Jongmans was encored, and deservedly. The Herr was also encored, in conjunction with Miss E. Jacobs, in a duet from *Lucia*. M. Sainton played his own "Solo de Concert," and was applauded to the ceiling. Being encored, he introduced the "Carnaval de Venise," and was again triumphantly successful. Miss Kate Loder—who, of all pianists in London, is the most prized and sought after in the East end—performed two of her most effective pieces, Prudent's fantasia on *Lucia*, and Thalberg's *Don Pasquale* serenade. Both were delightfully given, with brilliant execution, and a charm peculiarly Miss Kate Loder's own, which was not thrown away on a single individual present. We admired nothing so much in the concert as these two *morceaux* rendered by the fair and accomplished pianist. The remainder of the concert calls for no particular notice. Mr. Maurice Davies conducted.—(From our City Correspondent.)

MB. AGUILAR'S SOIREEES MÚSICALES.—Mr. Aguilar, a young composer and pianist of remarkable ability, gave the first of an announced series of classical chamber concerts, at the Queen Anne-street Rooms, on Tuesday evening. This new exhibition of the *bénéficiaire's* powers has unusual claims upon our critical notice, for not only was Mr. Aguilar's performance of so superior a nature as to merit special eulogy, but the fact of a "pianoforte concert" being exclusively devoted to the compositions of the immortal Beethoven is in itself so rare an event, that we should commit a dereliction of duty in failing to record it. The truth is, most modern pianists are afraid of Beethoven, and few indeed amongst them would venture to devote an entire programme to his works. They say he is "unpianistic" and ineffective; which charges being translated, mean that his divine inspirations are written rather to the heart and mind than to the fingers, and that he considered it better to give unfettered expression to his glorious conceptions than to sacrifice any portion of them to mere

digital convenience. That it is perfectly possible (though very difficult) to render faithfully the transcendent beauties of Beethoven's pianoforte music, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, and some others, have clearly proved; and it is with the greatest pleasure we state that Mr. Aguilar acquitted himself on this occasion most honourably of an undertaking in which none but the greatest performers could hope to succeed. The pieces he played were the sonata, No. 3, the so-called "Moonlight Sonata," in C sharp, minor; two "bagatelles;" and the sonata, with violin, No. 1, in D; in which he was most ably assisted by Herr Jansa. In all of these he gave evidence of sound musical feeling and irreproachable mechanism; and we were glad to observe that his efforts were encouragingly applauded by an audience which included many artists. The vocal part of the entertainment was entrusted to Miss Ursula Barclay, a young singer of much promise, who was received with great favour.—*Morning Post*.

MISS WOOLGAR.—We regret to learn that this popular and talented artiste has been for the last week confined by severe illness. Miss Ellen Chaplin has been filling the place of the fair absentee in the new piece.

MISS CHARLOTTE PEARSON.—This lady, who is among the most promising of our youthful pianistes, gave a selection of music yesterday se'nnight at her residence in Guildford Street, Russell Square. The vocalists were Miss Messent, Miss Ransford, and Mrs. Wallack, Messrs. Boddâ and Swift. The instrumentalists, besides the fair hostess, were, Herr Goffric and Miss Emily Badger. Miss Pearson's handsome suite of rooms were fully and fashionably attended. This custom, among artists, of giving serial concerts at their private residences, where the coldness and formalism of a large concert-room is exchanged for something like the genial atmosphere of a private party, is commendable and useful. Barnett's trio—"This magic wove Scari," opened the concert well. Miss Ransford followed with Mercadante's aria—"Soave Immagine;" after which the youthful hostess stepped forward and played Beethoven's sonata—"Moonlight," with all the effect that a graceful appreciation of the author, and a firm and brilliant finger, could give. Miss Pearson, who, to her other accomplishments, adds a pretty and intelligent countenance, was duly applauded. The encores were numerous, and as honourable to the judicious arrangements of "mine hostess," as to the executants themselves. Messrs. Swift and Boddâ were encored in songs, Mr. Goffric in a violin solo, Miss Messent (who is a constant *attachée* at these Euterpean socialities), in Mr. Glover's ballad—"Gipsy Jane," and last, though not least, Miss Pearson was called on for a repetition of Moscheles' fantasia—"Anticipations of Scotland," and narrowly missed the like honour in Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo Capriccio," with which the concert concluded.

THE FIRE AT MESSRS. COLLARDS'.—We are glad to perceive that a subscription has been set on foot for the workmen who suffered so severely by the late calamitous fire at the Messrs. Collards' Factory, and that a handsome sum has been already realised. We call the attention of the benevolent to the fact that the subscription list is still open, and that donations are received at all the principal booksellers. The concert announced in behalf of the sufferers, was given last night at the Hanover Rooms.

CROSBY HALL.—The first concert of the series announced to take place under the direction of M. Alexandre Billet, took place on Wednesday evening; notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather there was an excellent attendance of the subscribers. The concert began with Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, by M. Billet (piano), Herr Jansa (violin), and Herr Lutzen (violinello), the performance of which was perfect, as may be surmised from the excellency of the three artists who interpreted it. M. Billet also played a selection of studies by Moscheles, Thalberg, and Chopin. That by Chopin, in G flat major, was greatly admired, and was excellently rendered, as were the andante and variations from Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin, in A minor (the "Kreutzer"), played by M. Billet and Herr Jansa. The vocal portion of the first part consisted of Miss Dolby's finished singing of an Italian aria (encored). The Misses Cole's excellent rendering of Mendelssohn's "Greeting," Mr. Turner Harding's unexceptionable reading of Mozart's Canzonet "Deh Vieni alla Finestra," and Mlle. Cundell's charming interpretation of Hadyn's Aria, "With verdure

clad." The second part introduced Mr. F. Chatterton in a morceau fantastique for the harp, which he played in his usual brilliant style, and M. Briccialdi in a fantasia on the flute which he executed to perfection. Mr. Turner Harding sung with great taste a very pretty ballad by Loder; Miss Dolby, a ballad by Linley; Mdlle. Cundell, "Casta Diva," deserved encores. The Misses Cole, Kucken's very pretty duet, "Onward, onward through the waters." Mr. Aguilar was the accompanist at the pianoforte, and acquitted himself admirably. The concert gave great satisfaction, and we have no doubt of the success of the series.

THE MISSES ALEXANDER.—We omitted to mention last week in the notice of Herr Somers' concerts, that these vocalists sang several duets, some of which were encores.

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